Slen. I'faith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*, you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

[*Slen.* Truely I will not goe firſt, truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome, you do your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euan. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe,

which is the way; and there dwels one which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher

Si. Well Sir.

Euan. Nay, it is petter yet; giue her t a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance w *Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and requ your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne P* gon: I will make an end of my dinner; t Cheeſe to come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, P

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpea wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne a followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſhee trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar, Keiſer* will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he ſhall draw; h well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt.*)

Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him follow, let and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him; a *Tapſter* old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin, a wither freſh Tapſter; goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd, I will

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight, wilt tho

Ni. He was gotten in drinke, is not the

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of thi Thefts were too open, his filching was Singer, he kept not time.